

Shadow

COMICS

10c

VOL. 3 NO. 10
JANUARY, 1944



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The Shadow and MONSTRODAMUS

LEARN the RIDDLE of the SPHINX



FROM FORGOTTEN CENTURIES,
MONSTRODAMUS, MASTER OF EVIL,
 REVIVES THE LEGENDARY DEITIES
 OF ANCIENT EGYPT TO WAGE TITANIC
 BATTLE WITH **THE SHADOW**,
 CHAMPION OF JUSTICE ~ ~ ~
**TURN THIS PAGE AND
 READ THE WEIRD RESULT !!!!**

STORY BY MAXWELL GRANT—PICTURES BY CHAS. COLL

VOL. III, NO. 10; JAN., 1944

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STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC.

79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

IN CAIRO, LAMONT CRANSTON, OTHERWISE *THE SHADOW*, SEEKS THE TRAIL OF *MONSTRODAMUS*, DREAD CREATURE OF THE PAST WHO HOPES TO SHAPE THE FUTURE --- HAVING ACQUIRED A NEW SUPPLY OF THE FAMED ELIXIR OF LIFE, *MONSTRODAMUS* HAS BECOME AN INHUMAN THREAT THAT MAY PERSIST FOR CENTURIES TO COME!!!









START THE
ROTORS,
MARGO!

OH...OF COURSE!
THEY'LL LIFT US,
WON'T THEY?



MY, YOU THINK
QUICKLY,
THEBA!

SO
WILL YOU
WHEN YOU
GET TO BE
5000 YEARS
OLD, MARGO,



HERE GOES FOR A
ONE POINT LANDING
ON YOUR LADDER,
MONSTRODAMUS!

**YOU'LL
NEVER
MAKE IT,
SHADOW!**



**OH.
NO?**



**HELP!
THE
SHADOW
HAS
GOT
ME!**

**THE SHADOW?
I CAN'T
SEE HIM!**

**DON'T
LOOK
FOR HIM!**

**JUST
HELP
MONSTRO-
DAMUS!**



QUICKLY,
MY EVIL
FOLLOWERS!

STRUGGLING BLINDLY AGAINST
THE SHADOW, MONSTRODAMUS
AND HIS SERVANTS MANAGE
TO BREAK AWAY...



I'LL HANDLE
THOSE CONTROLS,
MARGO

ALRIGHT,
THEBA

WE MUST GET
TO THE GREAT
PYRAMID OF
GIZEH!



HERE WE ARE AT THE
VERY TOP! HELP ME
LIFT THE CAP-STONE!



GOOD-
BYE! I'M
ON MY
WAY!

**THE SHADOW
AGAIN!**

FROM THE
TOP FIND
THE BOTTOM!

FROM THE TOP
FIND THE BOTTOM!
SO THAT'S WHAT
THE SPHINX
MEANT!

WHILE **THE SHADOW** PURSUES **MONSTRODAMUS** DOWN THE PYRAMID,
MARGO AND THEBA FLY OFF IN THE HELICOPTER...

WELL, **THE SHADOW** FIXED
THOSE SERVANTS PROPER. NOW
HE'S AFTER OLD **MONSTRODAMUS**

WHAT COULD
THE SPHINX
HAVE MEANT?

I HAVE IT! HE MEANT THE
FLOATING TEMPLE OF THE
NILE! WE MUST RETURN
TO CAIRO AT ONCE!

YOU MEAN WE'RE
GOING TO HUNT
FOR A
FLOATING
TEMPLE?

YES! THAT IS
WHY WE ARE
CHANGING
TO THESE
ANCIENT
COSTUMES!

THE NILE GODS
DWELL IN THAT
TEMPLE. SHOW
NO SIGN OF
FEAR WHEN YOU
MEET THEM

ALRIGHT,
THEBA.
I'LL
REMEMBER

NOW TO FIND WHAT
LIES BENEATH AND
MAKE IT RISE
ABOVE!



AH! I HAVE REACHED
MY LONG COVETED
GOAL!



I DON'T SEE ANY TEMPLE!
BUT WE'VE RUN AGROUND,
THEBA!



WHY, WE'RE RISING
IN THE AIR!

IT'S THE FLOATING
TEMPLE COMING
FROM THE RIVER
DEPTHS!



WHAT LIES BENEATH WILL
RISE ABOVE! THE SPHINX
SAID THAT, TOO!

IT IS A
FLOATING
TEMPLE!



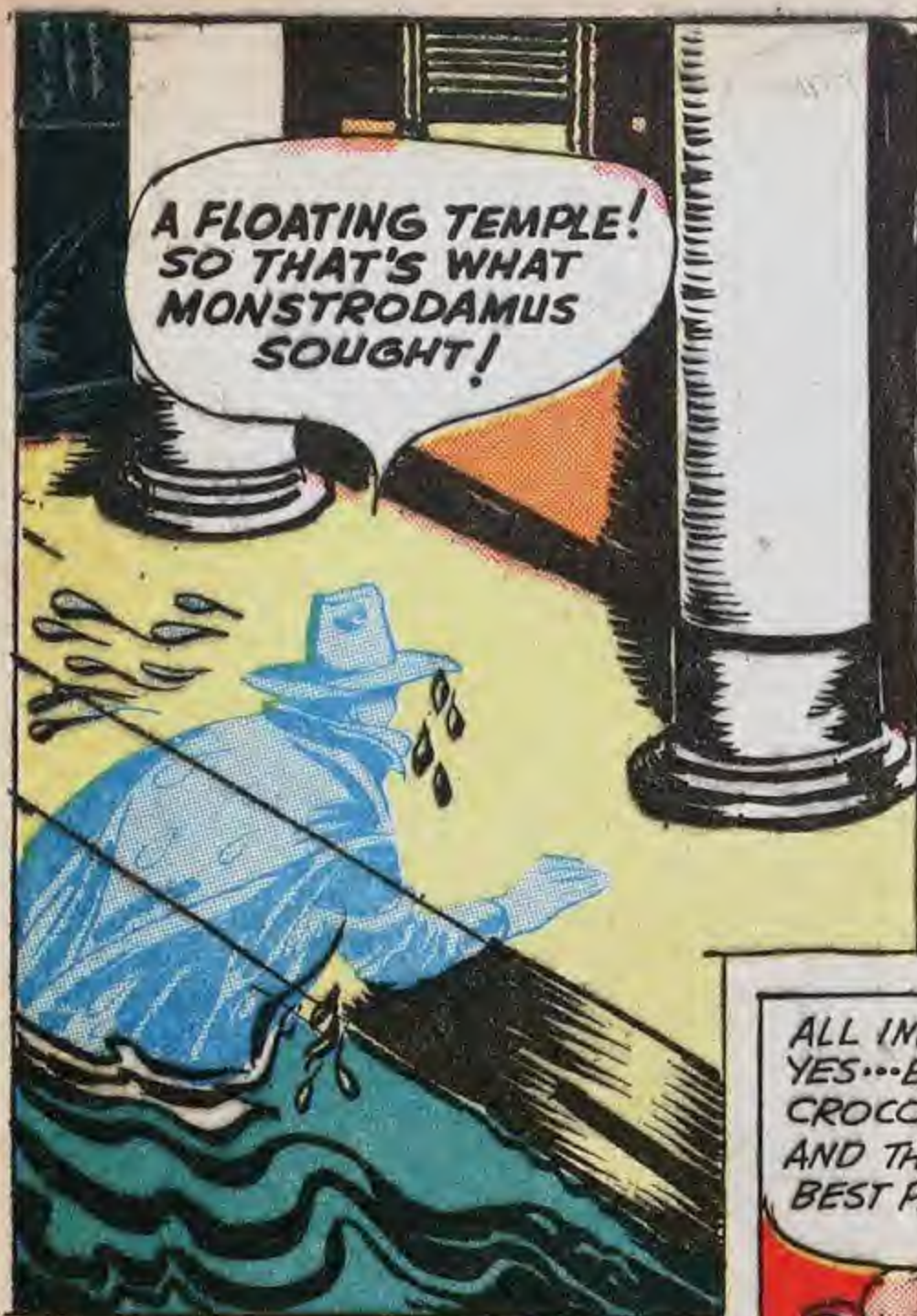
NOW TO FIND A WAY
INTO THE TEMPLE...
AND DON'T LET
ANYTHING
FRIGHTEN YOU,
MARGO!

DON'T
WORRY...
I
WON'T!









ALL IMAGINARY,
YES...EXCEPT THE
CROCODILES...
AND THEY'RE THE
BEST PART OF IT!





TAKE THE EMPTY ELIXIR BOTTLE, SHADOW! I HAVE DRUNK ENOUGH TO LIVE A THOUSAND YEARS!



HE'S LETTING THE PHANTASMS REMAIN REAL!

I'LL DO THIS THE HARD WAY, MONSTRODAMUS!

YOU CAN NEVER REACH ME THROUGH THAT OPPOSITION! **SHADOW!**



I HAVE REACHED YOU, MONSTRODAMUS! NOW, PHANTASMS, BEGONE!!



AND THEY ARE GONE! BUT SO ARE MARGO'S CHAINS!



DON'T WORRY, MARGO... HERE'S SOMEBODY TO BLOCK YOU OFF!

OHHH...

GRAB THIS WAY, MARGO!



DON'T WAIT FOR OUR ISSUE OF JANUARY 2044 TO WITNESS THE RETURN OF MONSTRODAMUS!!!! FEBRUARY 1944 COMES SOONER AND IN THAT NUMBER, **THE SHADOW** MEETS THE WORLD'S GREATEST VILLIAN!!







FROM THE CURIO ROOM THE SHADOW
SEES THE ROBBERY IN PROGRESS--

WHEN MY ASSISTANTS
HAVE FINISHED THEIR
COLLECTION, WE SHALL
LEAVE IN THE ELEVATOR
TAKING THE HOSTAGES
WITH US!!

GUNS WON'T HELP IN
THIS DILEMMA!



-- BUT THESE
BOOMERANGS
WILL!



SO HERE
THEY GO!



EACH ON A
DIFFERENT
CURVE!







THEY WENT DOWN IN THE ELEVATOR AND FLED IN CARS, TAKING THE BOOMERANG MEN WITH THEM.

RETURNING TO THE BALL-ROOM AS CRANSTON, THE SHADOW LEARNS THAT RED MASK'S ACCOMPLICES ALSO ESCAPED---

SUPPOSE WE CELEBRATE AT THE BLANCA ROOF AT MIDNIGHT.

AND RED MASK MADE A GETAWAY IN A MOTOR BOAT! STILL I THINK WE CAN TRAP THEM.

OH, MR. CRANSTON WE SAVED OUR GEMS!



HELLO, CRANSTON! SORRY YOU DIDN'T JOIN US IN THE CHASE. WE ALMOST CAUGHT THOSE RASCALS!

TOO BAD THEY GOT AWAY, SEELY. WE'LL SEE YOU AT THE BLANCA ROOF.



YOU MEAN THIS MIDNIGHT PARTY WILL BE A TRAP FOR RED MASK?

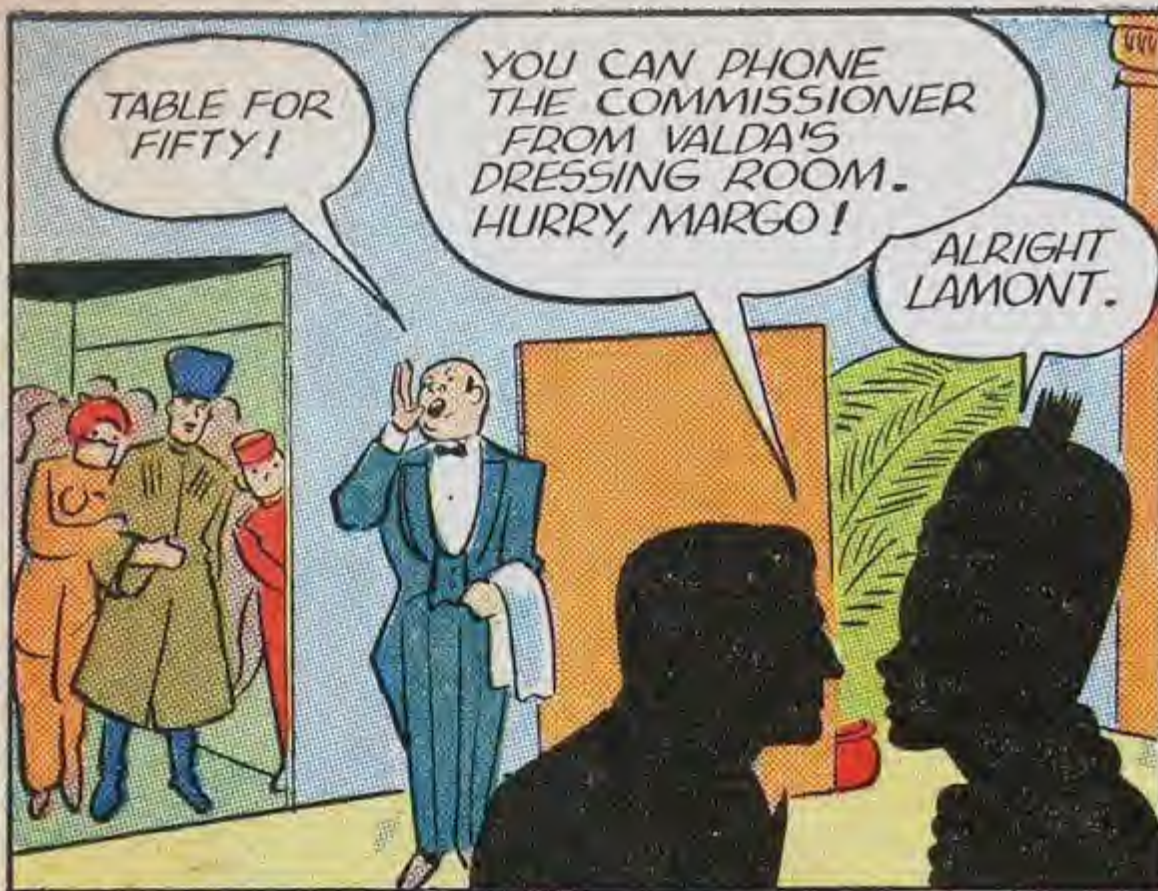
OF COURSE. THE SAME PEOPLE WILL BE THERE, WITH THE SAME JEWELS. HE'S SURE TO MAKE ANOTHER TRY.

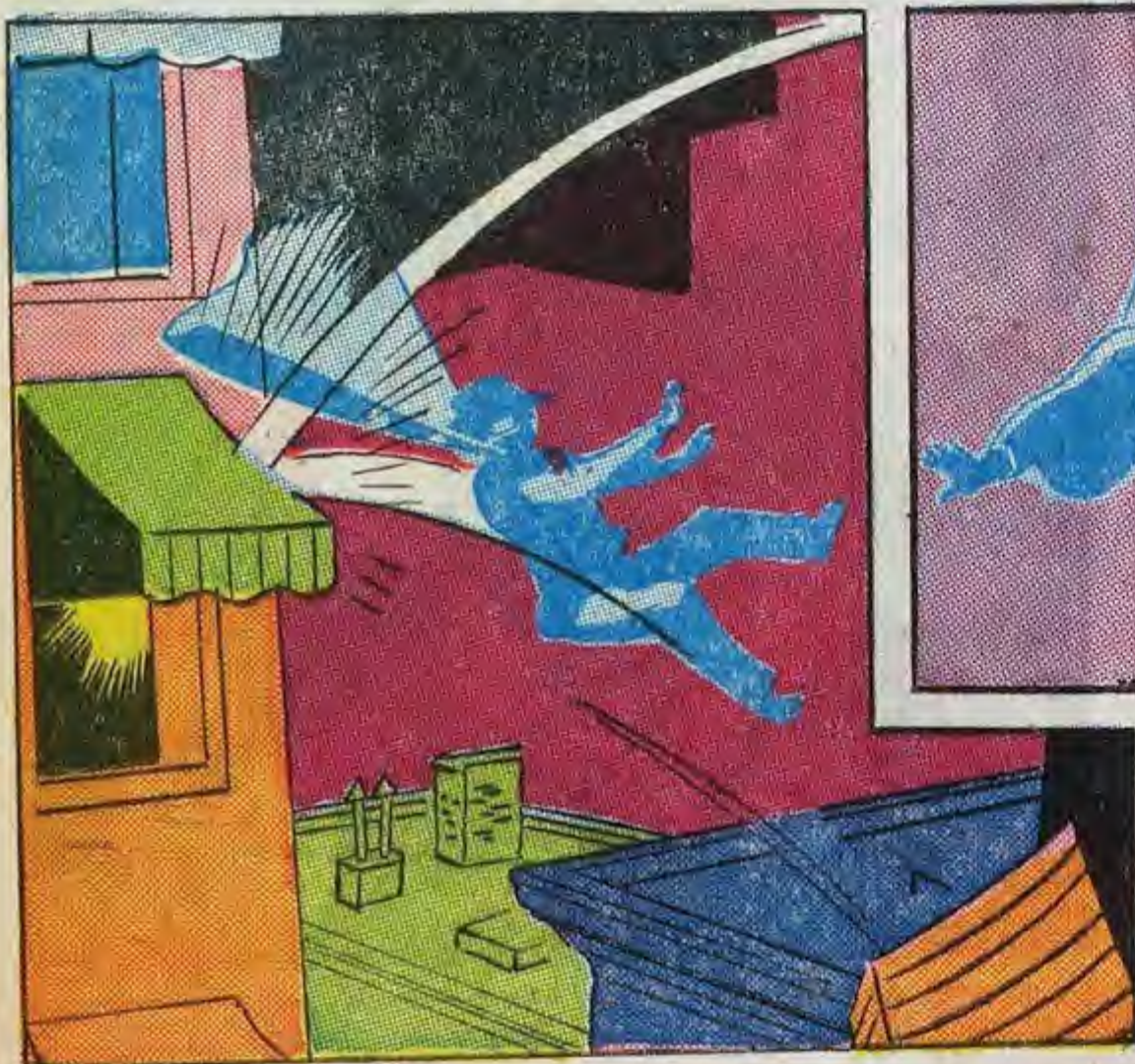


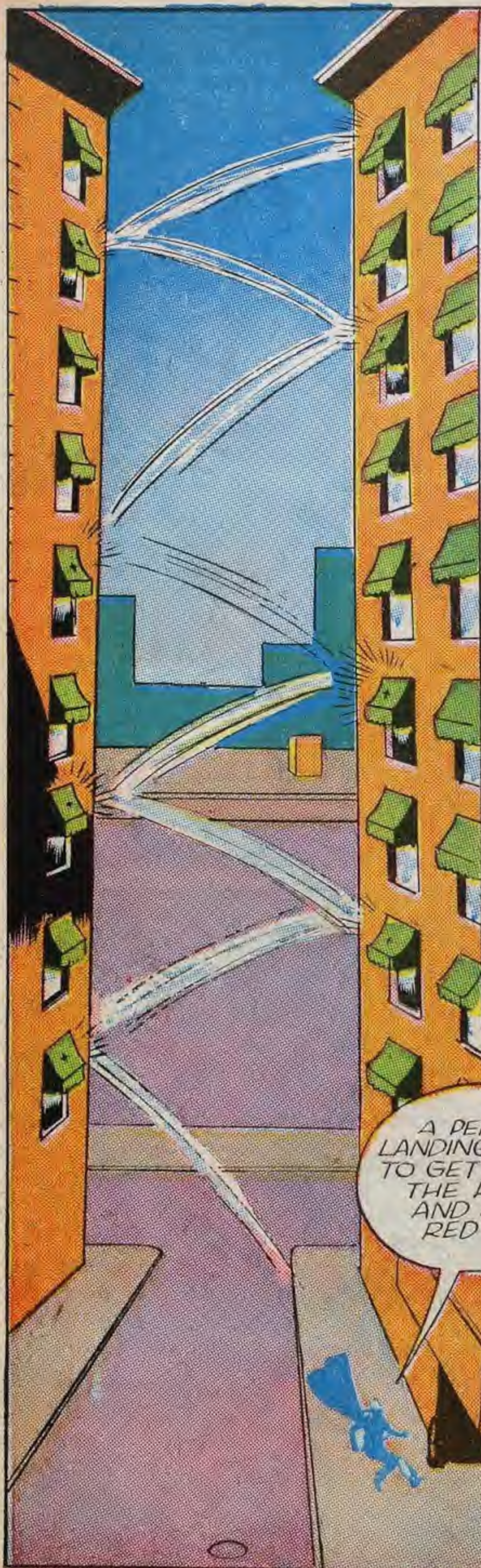
I SUPPOSE YOU PICKED THE BLANCA ROOF BECAUSE VALDA RUDE IS APPEARING THERE.

NO, MARGO. THERE'S A BETTER REASON. LOOK UP AND YOU'LL SEE IT!









A PERFECT LANDING! NOW TO GET UP TO THE ROOF AND STOP RED MASK!



THE SHADOW!

BANG!

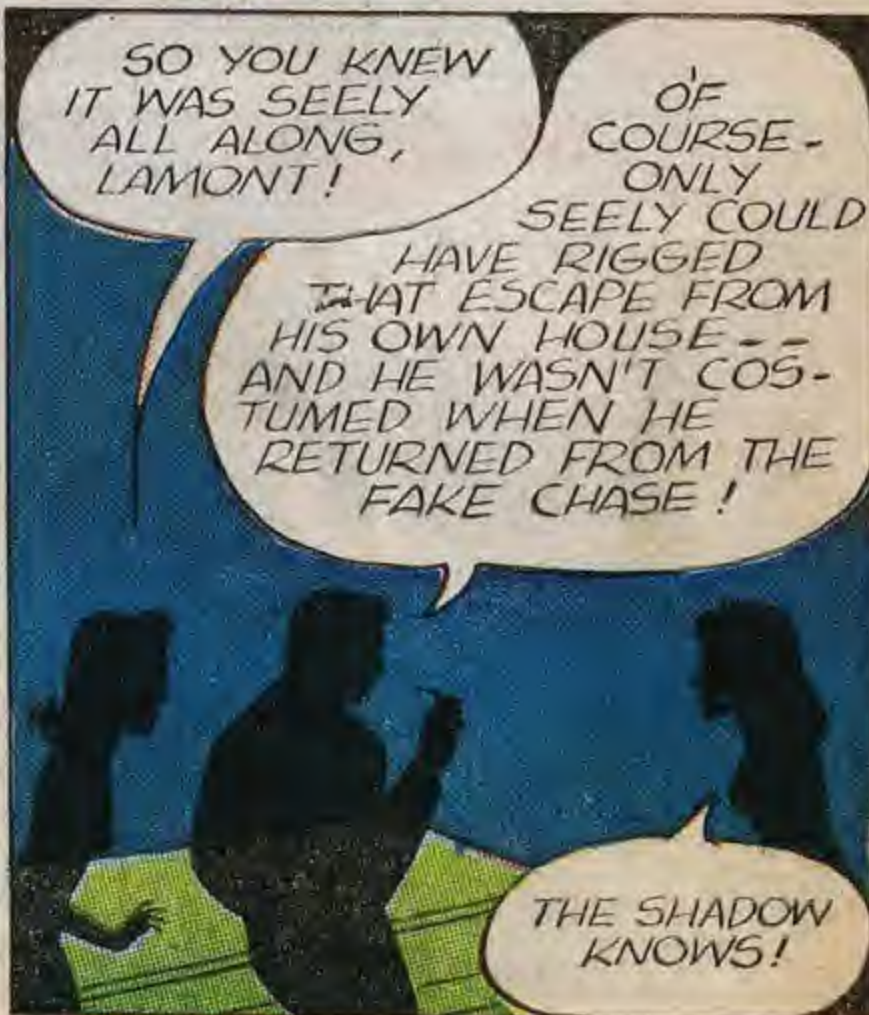
CLANG!

THERE GOES RED MASK!



RUPERT SEELY! WHY HE STAGED THAT PARTY JUST TO ROB HIS GUESTS

THIS TIME HE CRASHED THE WRONG PARTY!



SO YOU KNEW IT WAS SEELY ALL ALONG, LAMONT!

OF COURSE - ONLY SEELY COULD HAVE RIGGED THAT ESCAPE FROM HIS OWN HOUSE - - AND HE WASN'T COSTUMED WHEN HE RETURNED FROM THE FAKE CHASE!

THE SHADOW KNOWS!

DEAD MAN'S REEF

Nick Carter gazed from the tower of the lighthouse and made a mental survey of Dead Man's Reef. All that appeared above the water was the tiny isle upon which the lighthouse stood, a barren chunk of rock strewn with seaweed. Yet somewhere, somehow, a murderer had lurked in these surroundings. Of that, Nick felt certain.

Last night, Richard Loomis had pitched from this very tower to the rocks eighty feet below. The local coroner called it suicide and there was some merit in his verdict. Here at Windward Bay, lonely haven on the bleak New England coast, Richard Loomis was regarded as an eccentric recluse, who might do anything. On the argument that only a crazy man would choose to live alone in a fog-plagued lighthouse, it seemed plausible that such a madman would eventually tire of the thing and chuck himself to oblivion.

From the tower, Nick Carter studied the rocks anew. He could see breaks in the clustering seaweed, proving that rocks had been pried from their bed. Other stony blocks near the water's edge showed slanted streaks along their sides. The tide couldn't rise at a thirty-degree angle, not even on Dead Man's Reef. Those streaks represented high-water marks, and they were additional proof that the rocks had been moved.

Dong. . . . Dong. . . .

Like a repeated knell, Nick heard the brazen clangor from the bell buoy that marked Dead Man's Reef. Its melancholy monotone came louder than the shrieks of the seagulls screaming overhead. The buoy, moored a hundred yards from the island, now served as a warning marker in place of the abandoned lighthouse which Loomis, through some quirk, had purchased as a summer residence.

There were three persons in the motorboat beside the dock. One was Scubby Wilson, the reporter; another was Patsy Bowen, the keen-eyed, dark-haired girl who worked as Nick's

assistant. Both had accompanied him from New York by plane, to help crack the Loomis case. But Nick spoke first to the third person who was in the boat.

The third passenger was another girl, an attractive blonde whose melancholy eyes seemed to transcribe the sad knell of the ever-clanging buoy. The blonde was Elaine Loomis, niece of the dead man. It was Elaine's worry over her uncle's absence that had brought Nick on the case. Unfortunately, they had reached Windward Bay only to learn that Richard Loomis had tumbled to his death the night before.

"Suppose we check the facts again," suggested Nick. "You told me, Elaine, that your uncle used to do a large importing business, chiefly from Germany, prior to the war."

Elaine nodded in reply.

"And at that time," continued Nick, "he was in business with the same partner, Kirby Schorn."

"That's right," returned Elaine, "and Mr. Schorn was worried, too, when I told him about my uncle's disappearance."

Nick gave a slow, methodic nod, then turned to Scubby.

"Nothing new from your newspaper regarding Windward Bay?"

"Not a thing, Nick," replied Scubby. "Nothing happened in this forgotten spot since November, 1939. That was when the Steamship *Hamburg* hauled in overnight, hoping to dodge some waiting British cruisers. She slid out the next day, under cover of a fog. But the cruisers overhauled her, anyway. The *Hamburg* was scuttled, along with the twenty million dollars' worth of gold she carried."

Nick turned again to Elaine.

"You mentioned something about your uncle being interested in recent war news. Didn't he become somewhat excited the day before he left, just after he had read a newspaper?"

"He did," acknowledged Elaine, "but I don't

remember what newspaper it was, nor the date. I didn't think much of it at the time."

An inscrutable expression registered on Nick's firm face. He tilted his head slightly as he heard the heavy *chug-chug* of a plodding motorboat coming through the channel.

"That's Dirk Harbison," remarked Nick. "Coming home in his lobster boat. Scubby, you and Elaine put on those oilskin slickers and pull away from here. I want Patsy to stay."

"O. K., Nick," returned Scubby. "Where do we head for?"

"Cruise around the bay," Nick ordered. "Nobody knows that you and Elaine came here with us. I want people to think that Patsy and I are in the boat. If we need you, we'll signal."

Nick and Patsy were in the doorway of the Lighthouse when Scubby and Elaine pulled away in the little boat. From their vantage point, they could see Dirk's clumsy lobster boat plodding past the island, farther off in the bay.

"Dirk Harbison didn't like Richard Loomis," reminded Patsy. "They had some bad arguments, didn't they?"

"Over lobster pots," nodded Nick. "Dirk wanted to operate from this little island, but Loomis wouldn't let him."

"Do you think Dirk could have come here and killed Loomis?"

"He probably could have, but I don't think the motive was sufficient, Patsy."

Nick turned and paced across the cement that formed the ground floor of the lighthouse. Reaching a door, he pulled it open on grating hinges. Behind the door, Nick revealed a collection of heavy tools: pickax, crowbar, and sledge hammer. Clinging to the pick were fragments of seaweed.

"Richard Loomis was using these," affirmed Nick. "He was searching for something on this island. I believe the killer knew it and will therefore return. When and how are the two questions that will be answered when he arrives. Let's go up to the tower and watch for him, Patsy."

The old stone stairs were very crumbly, like the walls of the lighthouse itself. Patsy noticed the fact and remarked upon it as they ascended.

"Whoever started to repair this lighthouse did it in an odd way, Nick," said Patsy. "They should have started with the walls first, instead of wasting all that cement on the ground floor."

Nick gave an approving smile.

"You're a good observer, Patsy," he complimented. "That cement floor may prove important."

"But how—why?"

Nick lifted his hand in interruption.

"Listen, Patsy!"

Patsy listened. At first the sound didn't register. Slowly, Patsy said:

"All I hear is the crash of the surf and the clanging of the bell buoy."

"That's it, Patsy. The bell buoy."

Patsy's eyes went startled. She turned to the window, realizing what Nick meant. The brazen clangor of the buoy was getting louder with every stroke.

"Nick! It's coming closer!"

"Closer every minute, Patsy."

"It's frightening—it's like a monster—stalking us as its prey!"

"I wouldn't doubt it, Patsy; that is, if the monster knew we were here."

"But a bell buoy isn't alive!"

"I'm referring to the murderer, Patsy. The buoy is stopping. Look down there and you'll see why."

Patsy looked as the brass clangor ended. For the first time she realized what a huge thing a bell buoy was. Under the bell was a great, bulbous hull, containing the air chamber that kept the buoy afloat. A door like a port-hole had opened in the upper side and from the stranded buoy a man was clambering to the shore.

"Who . . . who is it, Nick?"

Patsy's tone was breathless, but Nick's reply was very calm.

"It can only be one man, Patsy. Kirby Schorn, the partner of Richard Loomis."

"But how can he bring the buoy to and from the island?"

"Very simple, Patsy. A cable with a winch is all the rig he needs. He's come into the lighthouse. Listen!"

From below came the echoing sound of a pickax bashing against cement. Reaching in his pockets, he produced a flashlight and a revolver. He handed the flashlight to Patsy.

"Signal from this tower window," ordered Nick. "Contact Scubby and give him a Morse message. Tell him to bring the sheriff right away."

Down at the bottom of the lighthouse, Kirby Schorn came to the end of a quarter hour's

hard work. His pick chopped deeply into the cement and at last delivered a clank against iron. Poking a flashlight into the hole, Schorn saw an iron chest.

Three more strokes and the chest was open. Just then another light blazed, revealing Schorn's shrewd, sallow face. Instantly the killer's elation faded. He swung about, reaching for a gun. A cool voice halted him.

"I have you covered, Schorn," it said. "Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Nicholas Carter."

Schorn voiced a spasmodic snarl.

"You must have read the same newspaper report that Loomis did," continued Nick. "What was it—a tip-off meant for enemy agents who were no longer alive to profit by it?"

There was a brief pause; then, shutting his eyes against the blinding glow, Schorn nodded.

"You win, Carter," admitted the killer. "The gold from the *Hamburg* is buried here, under this cement."

"So I supposed," returned Nick. "I doubted they would scuttle it with the ship. The crew of the *Hamburg* must have laid this cement."

"They did," declared Schorn, his eyes still shut, "but Loomis didn't guess it. He searched everywhere else on the island. I suppose he would have tried this floor next, if—"

"If you hadn't pitched him from the tower," put in Nick. "You may as well admit yourself a murderer, Schorn."

"Why not?" queried Schorn. "You would be a fool to expose me, Carter. With twenty million dollars to divide between us—"

"Twenty million," interposed Nick, "that belongs to the United States government, by

right of seizure. That's where it is going, Schorn."

For answer, Schorn whipped his revolver from his pocket and stabbed a blind shot toward the stairs. Opening his eyes, Schorn saw that the light was gone. Echoing footsteps told him that Nick was higher up. Madly, Schorn renewed his fire as he followed after the detective.

"Keep shooting, Schorn," laughed Nick. "Bullets won't go around curves, you know. It's a long way to the top, but keep on coming!"

Five useless shots were spent from Schorn's gun. He was holding one more—his last. All the while, Nick, his own revolver fully loaded, was waiting his opportunity to capture the killer alive. The chance came when new lights blazed upward from the chopped floor far below. The sheriff and his men had arrived.

With a snarl, Schorn turned and stabbed his last shot below. Nick was springing at that moment; he caught the killer's gun hand and turned its aim aside. Then, with a twist, Nick tried to haul Schorn to the shelter of the winding stairs. Schorn managed to wrench away. He was half across the spiral rail.

Guns blasted from below. Leaning right into its path, Schorn took the riddling fire. Before Nick could grab his teetering form, the murderer took the death plunge. From Schorn's dying lips came a hideous, trailing scream, which ended when his body bashed the hewn cement.

Half across the pit that he himself had dug, the murderer of Dead Man's Reef was staring with sightless eyes upon the golden wealth that he had gained—and lost.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Shadow Comics, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. W. Ralston, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Shadow Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; editor, W. J. deGrouchy, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editors, none; business managers, none.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation owned through stock holdings by Gerald H. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Sev-

enth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Allen L. Grammer, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief, as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

H. W. RALSTON, Vice President,
Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1943. De Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 34, New York County. (My commission expires March 20, 1944.)

WAR WONDERS

ANIMALS IN THE WAR



MAX, A 90 POUND BOXER DOG, WITH THE 505TH PARACHUTE INFANTRY, HAS BAILED OUT FIVE TIMES FROM PLANES IN FLIGHT AND WAS AWARDED HIS WINGS AT A REVIEW IN HIS HONOR.

SOOTY TOOK PART IN THE DIEPPE RAID ON ONE OF THE BRITISH BATTLESHIPS AND CAME OFF WITH HER NINE LIVES STILL INTACT.



SOOTY WAS AWARDED THE VICTORIA CROSS -- IN MINIATURE -- FOR GALLANTRY IN THE BLOODY ACTION AND PROUDLY WEARS HER DECORATION.



AN INFANTRY COMPANY ADOPTED A DOG WHOSE HIND LEG WAS MISSING. THE QUARTERMASTER SHOE REPAIR SHOP MADE HER A WOODEN LEG.

MEMBERS OF A FLYING SQUADRON SAW THIS GAME-CK IN ACTION. HE WAS THE KIND OF FIGHTER THEY WANTED.



"UNCLE BUD" IS NOW THE MASCOT OF THE FIGHTING COCK SQUADRON IN THE BENGAZI AREA OF CYRENAICA. HE HAS 75 FLYING HOURS TO HIS CREDIT AND DRINKS BEER WITH THE SQUADRON WHEN THEY CELEBRATE A VICTORY!



WHEN THEODORE ROOSEVELT FOUGHT THE GERMAN EMPEROR

DECEMBER, 1902, GERMAN WARSHIPS FIRED ON, SUNK, VENEZUELAN SHIPS.



ALL BRITAIN WANTS IS TO MAKE VENEZUELA PAY ITS DEBTS!

BUT THE GERMANS PLAN TO SEIZE LANDS!

IN WASHINGTON, D.C., EARLY 1903, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BECAME ANGRY AT GERMANY.

I INSIST THAT GERMANY ARBITRATE!

MR. PRESIDENT, THREATEN TO SEND OUR FLEET.



I REFUSE TO ARBITRATE!

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SAYS HE'LL SEND THE U.S. FLEET TO VENEZUELA IF WE TRY TO TAKE TERRITORY!

ACH! A SOUTH AMERICAN COLONY--- AND HIS MAJESTY ORDERS US AWAY!

IT WAS THEODORE ROOSEVELT WHO MAKES US RETREAT!



THE EDITOR TALKS TO YOU



ALL you loyal Street & Smith comic readers have a treat in store for you this month! I know you're a SHADOW fan, or you wouldn't be reading this book, but I want to tell you about another one of the Street & Smith family, SUPER-MAGICIAN COMICS, for January. It's a honey—all about Blackstone, the magician, in the mysterious Sahara Trail—where he meets plenty of adventure! But mostly I want to tell you about the wonderful drawings in this story. I promise you that they are the finest that have ever been printed in any comic magazine anywhere! Show them to your parents and friends, and see if they don't exclaim over the beautiful art work in this January issue of SUPER-MAGICIAN.

January is a swell month all around. The February issue of SUPERSNIPE is on sale now, too, and that has a grand story in it about Supersnipe—whom you know as the boy with the most comic books in America—and his troubles with a—ssshhh—truant officer! He runs into some ghost trouble, too . . . but then, you know how it is with Supersnipe.

AIR ACE for January has a big story about Bill Barnes and how he foiled a sinister plot of the Nazis involving a secret rocket ship. Don't miss it! TRUE SPORT PICTURE-STORIES, another of our family, features Don Hutson and the "T" formation, a true story of this great pro football player. You're in for some swell hours of reading, all right, this month!

Did you know THE SHADOW has returned to the air? You'll thrill anew to his famous ghostly laugh—you can hear him every week over the entire Mutual Network. Consult your local paper for time and station . . . and if you're around New York City, and you'd like to attend the theater to see a real broadcast of THE SHADOW—you may be our guests simply by dropping a line to me for free tickets!

There's more radio news, too—concerning Nick Carter, and his adopted son, Chick Carter. Nick has a half-hour show every Monday evening at 9:30 EWT over WOR-Mutual, and Chick is heard every afternoon, Monday through Friday, at 5:30 EWT, over the same network. Listen in—you'll like them! And drop a card to Station WOR, New York City, and they'll make you a member of the famed Chick Carter Inner Circle, and send you a membership card and a supply of secret insignia stickers mentioned inside this book free!

And most important of all—while your brothers and cousins and fathers and friends are over there fighting for YOU . . . do your bit at home. Keep on buying war stamps and bonds till it hurts . . . because that's how you'll make the great day of victory come sooner!

See you soon—

The Editor

CHICK CARTER

THE BOY DETECTIVE'S
INNER CIRCLE CLUB

Meets The Rattler



A
REPORT TO
BOYS AND GIRLS
EVERYWHERE ON
THE ADVENTURES
OF CHICK CARTER
BOY DETECTIVE,
AND HIS LOYAL
FRIENDS AND
MEMBERS OF THE
CHICK CARTER
INNER CIRCLE
CLUB....

JM



THE ADVENTURE BEGAN
IN THE ROCKY HILLS
NEAR MILLBROOK
WHEN.....

FIRE!

CRACK



ZING!



THE DRIVER IS DEAD WITH ONE BULLET THE TRUCK HAS CRASHED RELOAD ITS CONTENTS INTO OUR TRUCK!

OKAY RATTLER!

THAT'S THE 4TH LOAD OF MATERIALS WE'VE HIJACKED THIS WEEK!



YES-SSS AND FROM ALL OF THIS HIJACKED MATERIAL I- THE RATTLER- WILL BUILD THE GREATEST INDUSTRIAL BLACK MARKET EVER KNOWN!

SOON, THE RATTLER'S COILS WILL STRANGLE INDUSTRY THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY! HES-SSSS HES-SSSS!

IN THE OFFICE OF CHIEF BARLOW OF THE MILLBROOK POLICE FORCE



WHAT? ANOTHER TRUCK DRIVER KILLED? HIS LOAD OF WAR MATERIALS HIJACKED? YES. YES. I'LL BE RIGHT OUT TO INVESTIGATE RIGHT! GOODBYE!



THAT'S THE FOURTH TRUCK THIS WEEK! WHOEVER THOSE HIJACKERS ARE I MEAN TO CAPTURE THEM BEFORE ANOTHER DAY PASSES!

CAN THE CHICK CARTER INNER CIRCLE CLUB BE OF HELP CHIEF BARLOW?



CHICK CARTER INNER CIRCLE EQUIPMENT....



LATER, CHICK AND SUE PENNINGTON GO ON THE TRAIL TOGETHER.....



CHICK PUTS A PROPOSITION TO THE DRIVER OF A TRUCKLOAD OF ALUMINUM FOR AIRPLANES...

A SHORT TIME LATER...



THE HIJACKERS!



HOLD TIGHT, SUE!
WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!



THERE'S ANOTHER ONE
FOR YOU! IT'S CARRYING
ALUMINUM. RELOAD INTO OUR
TRUCKS AND DRIVE IT TO
OUR HIDEOUT!

OKAY
RATTLER!









JOIN CHICK CARTER'S INNER CIRCLE

Don't waste a minute—send a postcard now to station WOR, 1440 Broadway, New York City, and receive your membership in Chick Carter's Inner Circle! You get a membership card, the secret insignia of the Inner Circle, and an interesting folder giving the history of both Chick and Nick Carter! Everyone will want to join—it's America's fastest growing club. Send in your postcard now.

WOR-Mutual

1440 Broadway, N. Y. C.

THE MAN OF
BRONZE

DOC SAVAGE



THE SPECTRE OF DEATH BECOMES IMPATIENT. HE BUYS HIS VICTIMS BEFORE THEIR TIME FROM COLD-BLOODED UNDERWORLD KILLERS UNTIL **DOC SAVAGE** STEPS IN TO AVENGE THE UNTIMELY DEATHS AND PROVES MURDER IS A **BAD BUSINESS!**

• DETECTIVE KELLY BUYS AN EVENING PAPER AND FROWNS OVER THE HEADLINE.....

HERE'S YOUR CHANGE—FIFTY CENTS—A QUARTER, AND TWO DIMES....UH—MAKIN' ANY PROGRESS ON THE **MYSTERIOUS DEATH** CASE, MR. KELLY?

I THINK SO, BEEGLE—I THINK I'VE GOTTEN TO THE BOTTOM OF IT.....



OKAY, DOMINICK—TELL DAN THAT BEEGLE JUST GIVE ME THE HIGH SIGN...THE FLATFOOT'S GOT THE **SPECIAL HALF-DOLLAR** IN HIS POCKET.....



-AN INSTANT LATER, DETECTIVE KELLY IS A VICTIM OF "THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS".....



LATER, INSPECTOR RANKLER, OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD, CALLS IN HIS BEST FRIEND, DOC SAVAGE.....

I TELL YOU, DOC, THESE DEATHS HAVE GOT ME! KELLY, THE BEST MAN ON THE FORCE, DEAD OF THE SAME CRAZY MALADY THAT HIT ALL THE OTHERS- BOMB BLAST!

YOU MEAN THE SYMPTOMS OF HIS DEATH AND THE OTHERS WAS BOMB BLAST- COLLAPSED LUNGS, HEART- AND SO FORTH--



THAT'S IT... JUST THE SYMPTOMS! BUT NO BOMBS HAVE FALLEN IN OR AROUND NEW YORK, WHERE ALL THE DEATHS OCCUR!

YOU SAID KELLY WAS WORKING ON THE CASE... DID HE FIND ANYTHING?



HE SAID HE HAD SOME LEADS.... DIDN'T DISCUSS THEM WITH ME 'CAUSE HE WASN'T SURE.. LET'S LOOK THROUGH HIS DESK.....



WHAT DID HE SAVE ALL THAT JUNK FOR? THEY'RE BLACK AND TARNISHED, THEY'RE SO OLD....

BLACK AND TARNISHED, YES, INSPECTOR, BUT I WONDER JUST HOW OLD THESE THINGS ARE..... MAYBE **THESE** ARE THE LEADS KELLY WAS TALKING ABOUT!



DIDN'T YOU NOTICE THERE WAS A BLACK, TARNISHED HALF-DOLLAR AMONG KELLY'S EFFECTS? JUST LIKE THESE.... I AM TAKING THESE THINGS TO MY LABORATORY TO ANALYSE 'EM!



HEY! MAYBE, KELLY HAD SOMETHING THERE!

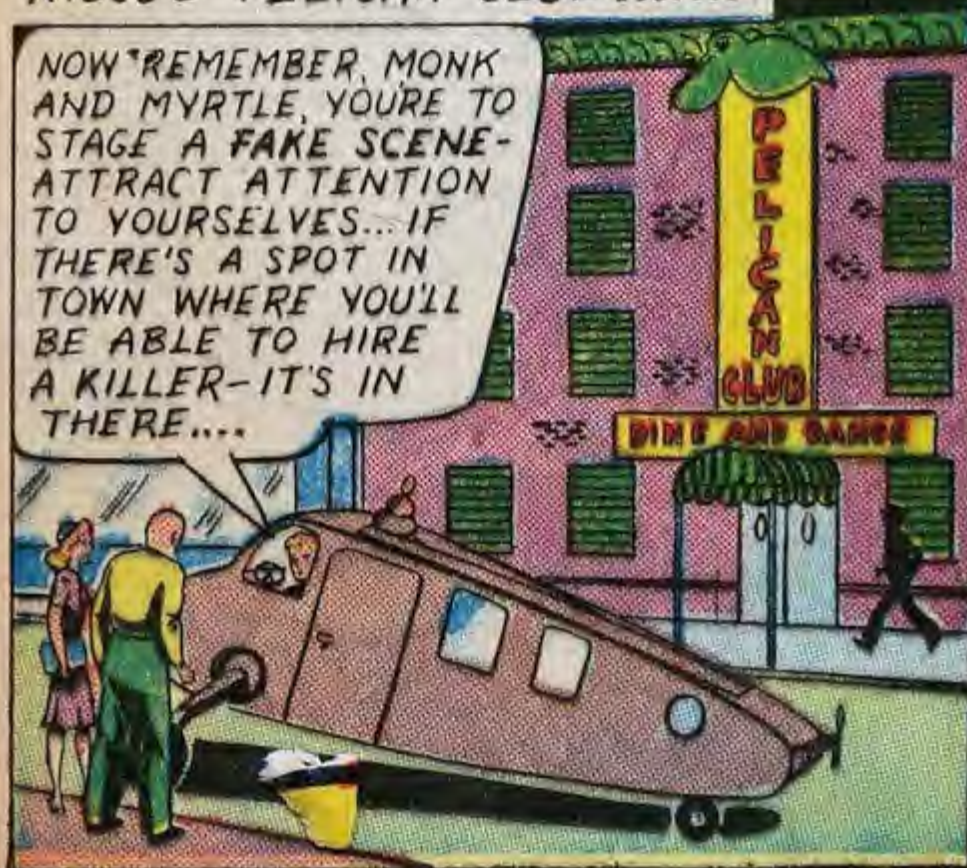


INSPECTOR RANKLER IS CALLED IN TO HEAR THE REPORT.....



THAT NIGHT- OUTSIDE OF THE TOUGHEST NIGHT CLUB IN THE CITY- DOMINICK RICCO'S PELICAN CLUB.....

MONK AND MYRTLE STAGE A FAKE SCENE AS DOC ORDERED-----IT ATTRACTS PLENTY OF ATTENTION.....





THE THUG INTRODUCES MONK AND MYRTLE TO DOMINICK RICCO AND HIS YOUNG BROTHER, DAN..



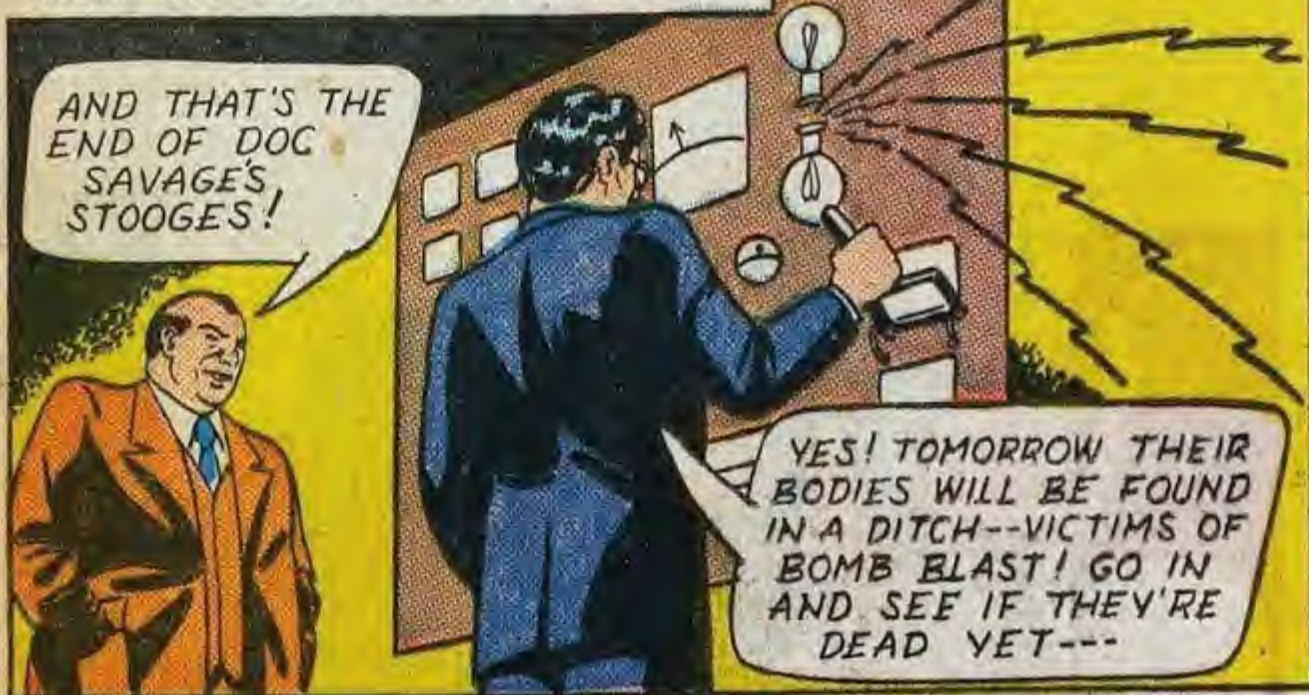
A FEW MINUTES LATER-MONK AND MYRTLE WATCH DAN RICCO PREPARE THE MEANS OF THEIR DEATH....



NOW THE DISCS GO AROUND YOUR NECKS. THEN I TURN ON MY SHORT WAVE MACHINE IN THE NEXT ROOM-AND BOTH OF YOU ARE DEAD OF BOMB BLAST! HEH HEH!

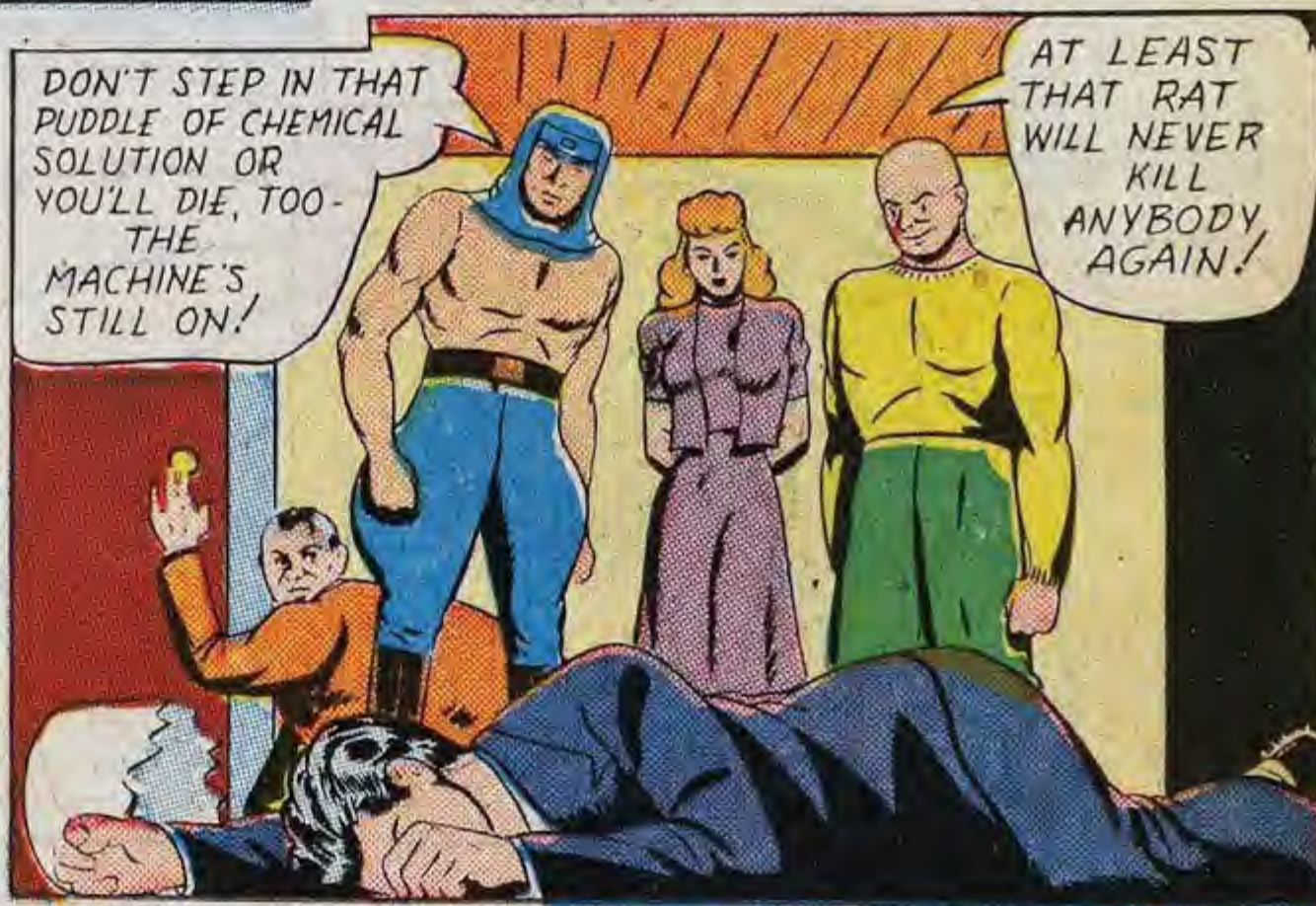


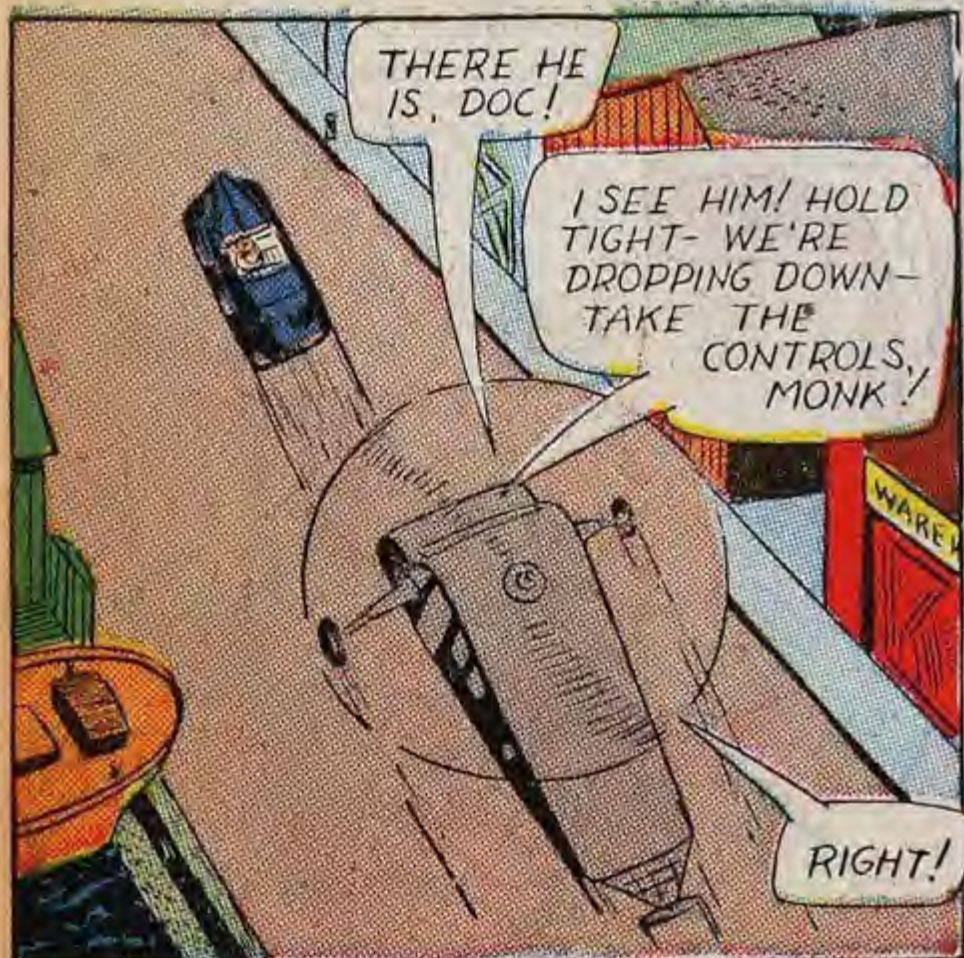
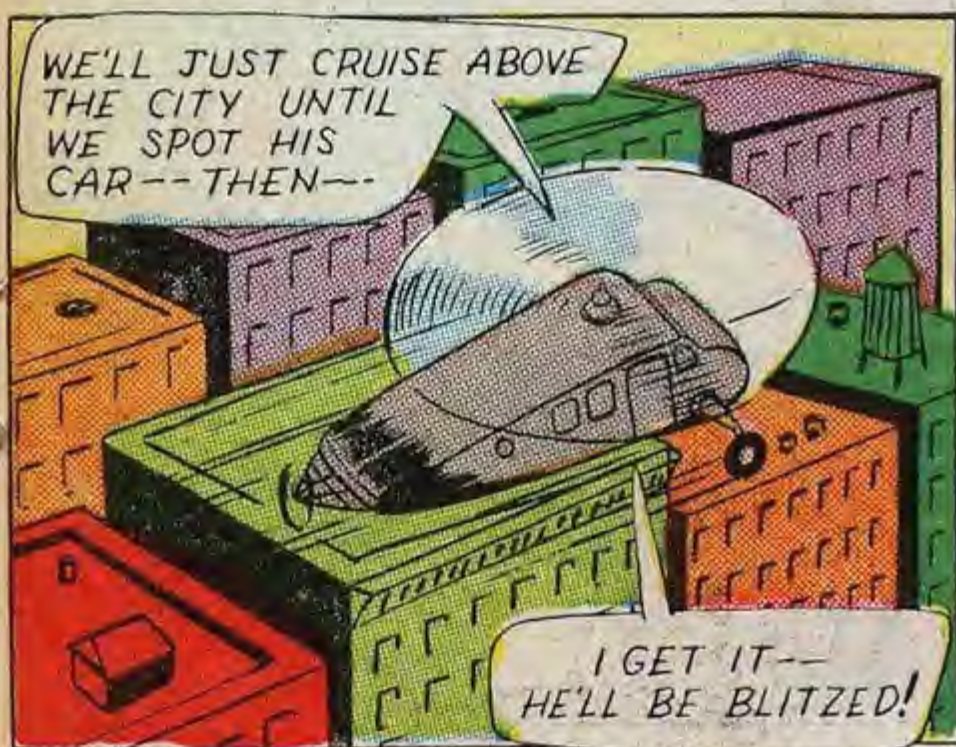
DAN RICCO PULLS THE SWITCH AND THE SHORT WAVE STRIKES THROUGH THE WALL AT MONK AND MYRTLE!



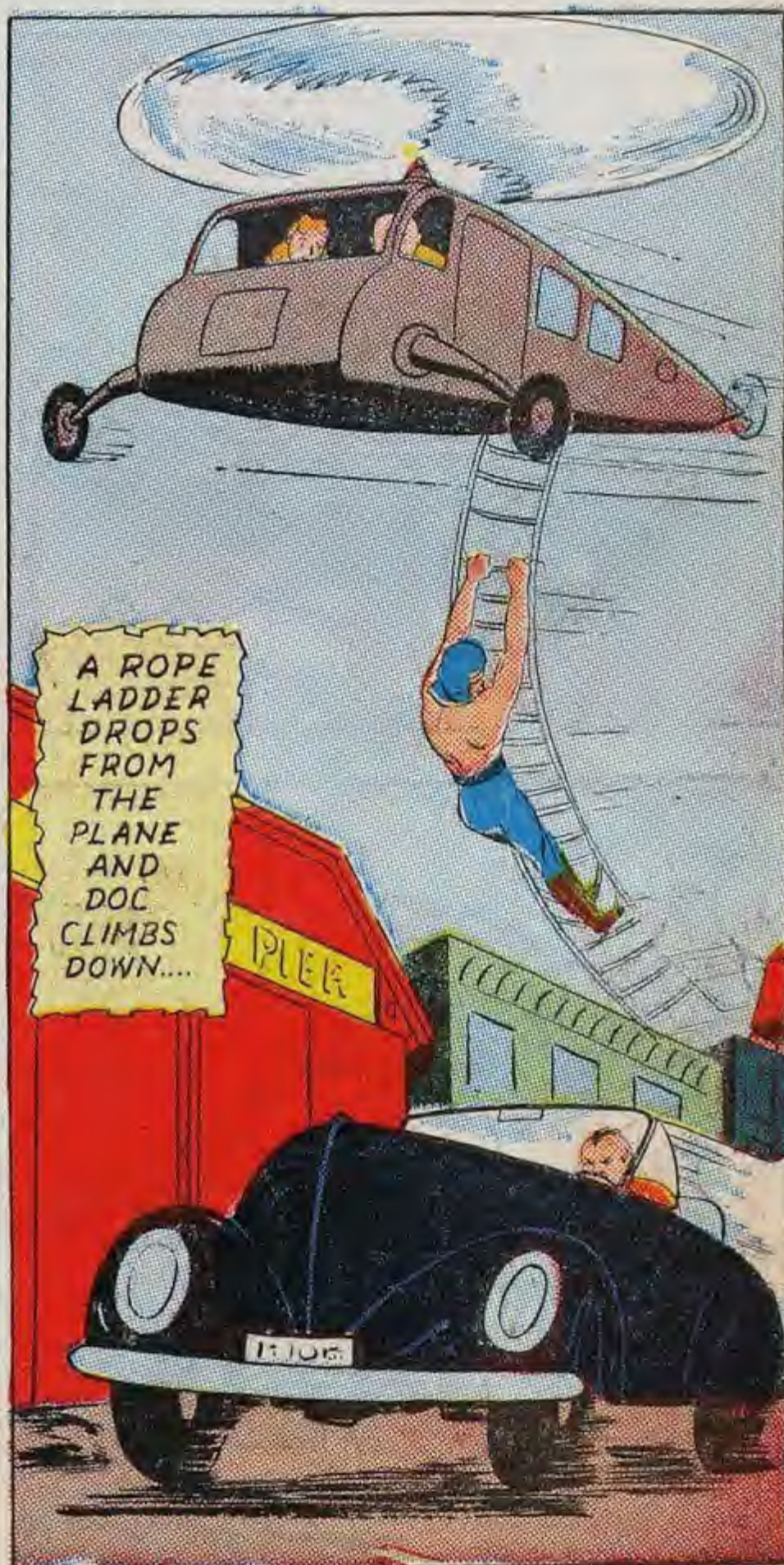


THE BLACKENED WRIST WATCH IS MUTE TESTIMONY THAT DAN RICCO IS A VICTIM OF HIS OWN DEATH MACHINE!!





SPEEDING DOWNSTAIRS, THEY PILE INTO DOC'S HELICOPTER CAR.....





OF COURSE, SOME
DAY YOU EXPECT
TO **FLY**

① TURN ON THE
CARBURETOR HEAT
CONTROL. OPEN FUEL
VALVE AND SWITCH
MAGNETOS ON. JAM
BRAKES AND PULL
STARTER HANDLE

YOU'LL OWN YOUR OWN LIGHT PLANE, AND HERE
IS YOUR FIRST LESSON ON HOW YOU'LL FLY IT.

TAXI TO END OF RUNWAY.
SET BRAKES. THROTTLE UP
TO 1500 R.P.M. CHECK MAGNETOS.
RUN MOTOR ON EACH ONE
SEPERATELY.

③



② RUN MOTOR AT 900 REVS. DURING
WARMUP...ENGINE HEAT AT 100 IS
RIGHT FOR TAKE-OFF. CHECK OIL
PRESSURE GAUGE...TURN OFF
CARBURETOR HEAT.

THROTTLE BACK AND TURN
INTO THE WIND. ADJUST
STABILIZER CONTROL FOR
TAKE-OFF. HOLD STICK
IN NEUTRAL.

④



⑥ AT 25 FEET DROP
NOSE A LITTLE TO
PICK UP SPEED. AT
75 M.P.H. PULL STICK
BACK A LITTLE TO
CLIMB. AT 60 M.P.H.

⑤ OPEN THROTTLE, SLOWLY, AND THEN ALL THE WAY. AS THE SHIP
ROLLS, KEEP YOUR HAND ON THROTTLE TILL YOU CLEAR FIELD.
AT 40 M.P.H. PULL BACK STICK SLIGHTLY...YOU'RE OFF THE GROUND.

AT 1000 FT. LEVEL OFF AND ADJUST STABILIZER FOR LEVEL FLIGHT. TURN MOTOR BACK TO 2100 REV'S NOW YOU'RE CRUISING AT 85 MPH.



HOW TO GET DOWN AGAIN.

SLOW UP ENGINE A LITTLE AND LOWER NOSE A LITTLE--DOWN TO 800 FT., FLY DOWN THE FIELD 1,000 FT. TO RIGHT OF RUNWAY.



TURN ON THE CARBURETOR HEAT TO KEEP MOTOR WARM DURING GLIDE. PULL BACK THROTTLE ALL THE WAY. HOLD NOSE LEVEL TILL AIR SPEED DROPS TO 65 M.P.H.

KEEP HER GLIDING AT THAT SPEED AND HOLD ON TO THROTTLE AND GIVE IT THE GUN EVERY 20 SECONDS TO KEEP ENGINE CLEAR



GRADUAL LEFT TURN HAS HEADED YOU AT END OF RUNWAY. PULL NOSE UP TO REDUCE SPEED TO 60 MILES PER HOUR AS YOU SETTLE.

FLATTEN OUT GRADUALLY AND AT 3 FEET, PULL BACK THE STICK ALL THE WAY TO DROP TAIL AND THEN WHEELS.



The Seven Shadows

LAMONT CRANSTON,
OTHERWISE
THE SHADOW,
RECEIVES UNUSUAL
NEWS CONCERNING
CRIME ...

STORY BY
MAXWELL
GRANT
PICTURES
BY
CHARLES
COLL







HERE ARE THE GEMS, PROFESSOR REMIC!

AND I BROUGHT BACK THE MULTIPLE PROJECTOR!

GOOD! NOW THAT WE HAVE BLAMED THE CRIME ON THE SHADOW...



WE SHALL REPEAT THE JOB ON A LARGER SCALE!



THE NEXT EVENING

THEN SOME BRAIN IS TIPPING OFF THE POLICE TO CRIMES THAT OTHERS PLAN...

SO THE PLANNERS WILL BE CAPTURED WHILE THE BRAIN AND HIS CROWD COMPLETE THE ROBBERY. AND I THINK A ROBBERY IS DUE HERE TONIGHT!



WEEEOO WWW

LOOK, LAMONT! THE WATCHMAN...

AND LISTEN! POLICE SIRENS! QUICK, MARGO, INSIDE!



THE SHADOW! SCRAM BEFORE HE NABS US!

BOOM!

THERE GOES THE VAULT... BUT THE CROOKS ARE ALREADY RUNNING! WHY?

BECAUSE THEY THINK THEY SEE THE SHADOW! LOOK, MARGO!



ARE YOU GOING TO BECOME **THE SHADOW**, LAMONT?

NO! THIS SMOKE WILL MASK ME WELL ENOUGH. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT VAULT ROBBERY, MARGO!



TOO BAD THEY MANAGED TO GET AWAY THROUGH THAT HOLE IN THE VAULT ROOM!

THERE ARE OTHERS ON THE BALCONY WHO MAY NOT BE SO LUCKY!



SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING!

THE COPS MUST HAVE GOT HERE TOO QUICK!

OUT THROUGH THIS HOLE BEFORE THEY CLIP US!

THIS IS THE CREW WE'RE REALLY AFTER, MARGO!

CLANG



HERE COME THE COPS! WE'D BETTER LAM!

OKAY! THIS IS THE WAY OUT!

CLICK!



NAILED 'EM ALL, COMMISSIONER!

IT WAS **THE SHADOW** REALLY DONE IT, COPPER!

HE SHOWED UP BEFORE WE COULD GET DOWN TO THE VAULT!

ALL THE MONEY IS STILL THERE, COMMISSIONER!

GOOD! **THE SHADOW** IS WORKING WITH US!

THEY'RE CARRYING SOMETHING ACROSS THE ROOF TOPS!

COME ON, MARGO. WE'LL FOLLOW THEM!



SHREVVY'S CAB!

I TOLD HIM TO BE AROUND HERE. DID YOU SPOT THAT PAIR WHO JUST CAME DOWN HERE, SHREVVY?



THERE THEY GO, BOSS!

ALLRIGHT, SHREVVY. DRIVE PAST THE HOUSE!



I CHECKED THE ADDRESS, LAMONT.

GOOD! NEXT WE'LL FIND OUT WHO LIVES THERE.



THE NEXT DAY...





HERE'S THE RIVERSIDE ART GALLERY, BOSS.

WHY, LAMONT! YOU BROUGHT REMIC'S SHADOW PROTECTOR!

THAT'S RIGHT. I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY TO THE ROTUNDA AND WHEN I GIVE THE WORD....



THERE'S MY CUE...

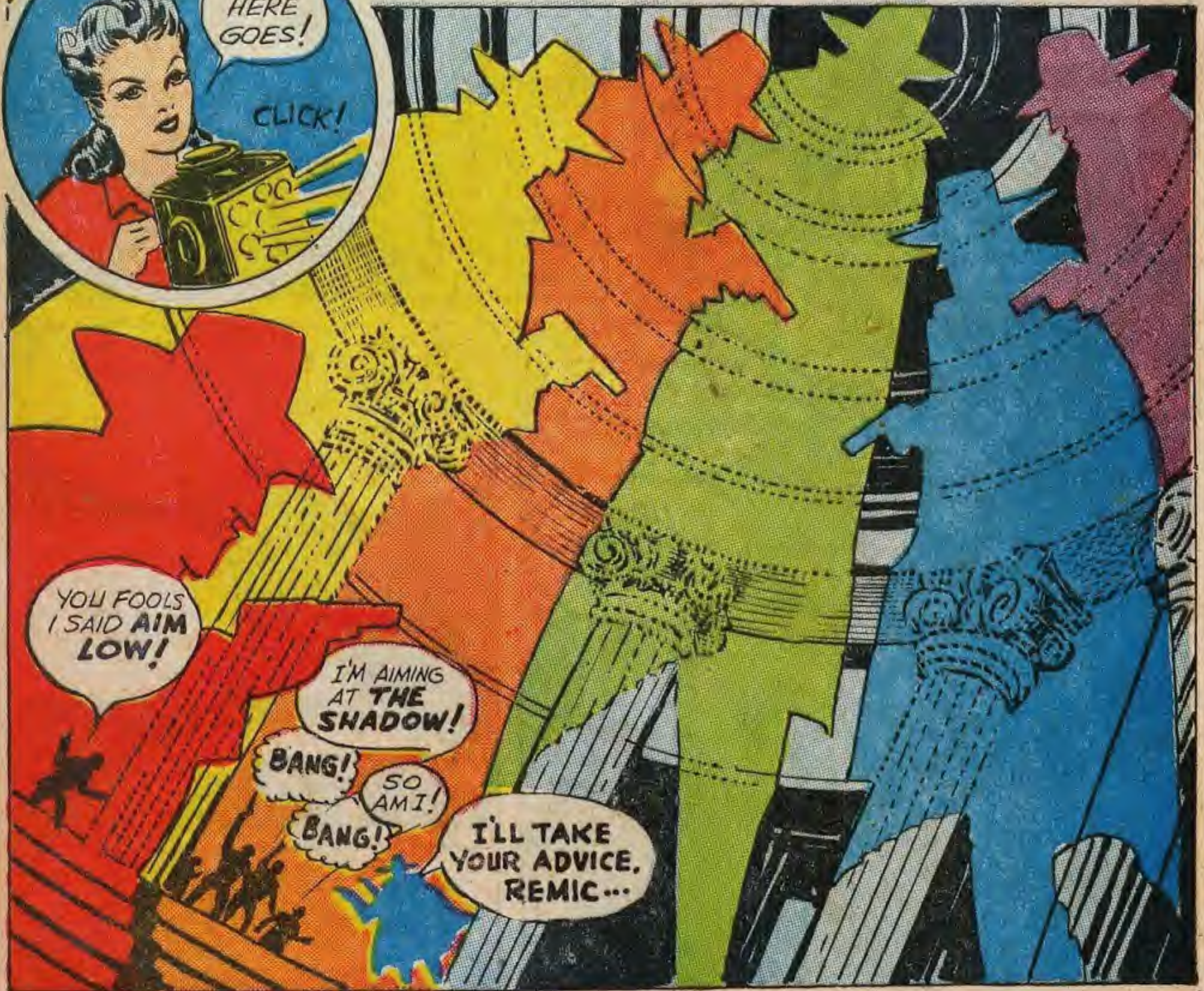
I AM THE SHADOW!

ALLRIGHT, MEN! AIM LOW...



SO HERE GOES!

CLICK!



YOU FOOLS I SAID AIM LOW!

I'M AIMING AT THE SHADOW!

BANG!

SO AM I!

BANG!

I'LL TAKE YOUR ADVICE, REMIC...

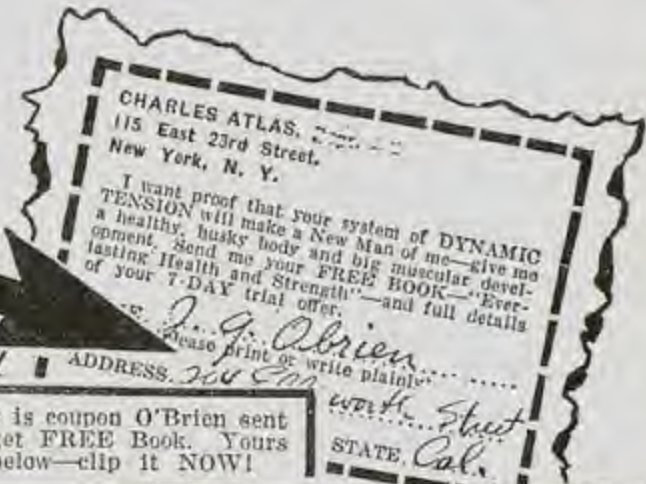


HE Mailed This Coupon

J. G. O'BRIEN

Atlas Champion
Cup Winner

This is an ordinary
snapshot of one of
Charles Atlas' Cali-
fornia pupils.



...and Here's the Handsome Prize-Winning Body I Gave Him!

J. G. O'BRIEN saw my coupon. He clipped and mailed it. He got my free book and followed my instructions. He became a New Man. NOW read what he says:

"Look at me NOW! 'Dynamic Tension' WORKS!
I'm proud of the natural, easy way you have made
me an 'Atlas Champion'!"

J. G. O'Brien.

"I'll Prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN"—Charles Atlas

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system IN-SIDE and OUTSIDE; I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a new, beautiful suit of muscle!

Only 15 Minutes a Day

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You learn to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension." You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—TO BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

FREE BOOK "EVERLASTING HEALTH AND STRENGTH"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3089, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS

An untouched
photo of
Charles Atlas,
winner and
holder of the
title "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3089

115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" can help make me a New Man—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your FREE book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." No obligation.

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

Be a RADIO Technician



J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute. Established 28 years. He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.



Set Servicing pays many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians \$50 a week. Many others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week fixing Radios in spare time.

Broadcasting Stations employ N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies, Police Departments, in commercial Aviation. Opportunities are increasing in these fields.



I Trained These Men



\$10 a Week in Spare Time. "I repaired some Radio sets on my tenth lesson. I made \$600 in a year and half. I have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time." **JOHN JERRY**, 1337 Kalamath St., Denver, Colorado.

\$200 a Month in Own Business. "For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month. I have N.R.I. to thank for my start in this field." **ARLIE J. FROEHNER**, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.



Lieutenant in Signal Corps. "I cannot divulge any information as to my type of work, but I can say that N.R.I. training is certainly coming in mighty handy these days." (Name and address omitted for military reasons.)

**I Will Train You at Home
in Spare Time for Good Radio Jobs**

**More Men I Trained Now Make
\$50 a Week Than Ever Before**

Here's your chance to get a good job in a busy wartime field with a bright peacetime future! There is a real shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for my FREE 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards In Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs; tells how you can train for them at home in spare time!

Jobs Like These Go to Many Men I Train

There's a big shortage of capable Radio Technicians and Operators because so many have joined the Army and Navy. Fixing Radios pays better now than for years. With new Radios out of production, fixing old sets, which were formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal number of servicing jobs.

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation and Police Radio, Ship Radio and other communications branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians to replace men who are leaving. You may never see a time again when it will be so easy to get started in this fascinating field. The Government, too, needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women. Radio factories, now working on Government orders for Radio equipment, employ trained men. And think of the NEW jobs Television, Frequency Modulation, Electronics and other Radio developments will open after the war! This is the sort of opportunity you shouldn't pass up.

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

There's probably an opportunity right in your neighborhood to make money in spare time fixing Radios. I'll give you the training that has started hundreds of N.R.I. students making \$5, \$10 a week extra within a few months after enrolling. The N.R.I. Course isn't something just prepared to take

advantage of the present market for technical books and courses. It has been tried, tested, developed, perfected during the 28 years we have been teaching Radio.

A Great School Helps You Toward The Rich Rewards in Radio

N.R.I. has stuck to the one job of teaching Radio for 28 years. Our combined efforts have made the Course so interesting, with hundreds of pictures, charts, and diagrams, and with special teaching methods designed especially for home study—that we believe you will be "old friends" with Radio almost before you know it.



EXTRA PAY IN ARMY, NAVY, TOO

Men likely to go into military service, Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, should mail the Coupon now! Learning Radio helps Service men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, higher pay. Prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. Over 1,700 Service men enrolled.



Find Out What N.R.I. Can Do for You

MAIL THE COUPON NOW for my FREE 64-page book. It tells how N.R.I. trains you at home; shows you letters and photographs of men I trained; describes many fascinating jobs Radio offers. No obligation—no salesman will call. Just MAIL THE COUPON AT ONCE, in an envelope or paste on a penny post! **J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3KE1, National Radio Institute, Washington-9, D. C.**

**THIS
FREE BOOK
HAS HELPED
HUNDREDS OF
MEN MAKE
MORE
MONEY**

TRAINING MEN FOR VITAL RADIO JOBS

FREE TO MEN WHO WANT BETTER JOBS

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3KE1
National Radio Institute, Washington-9, D. C.

Mail me FREE without obligation, your 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

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